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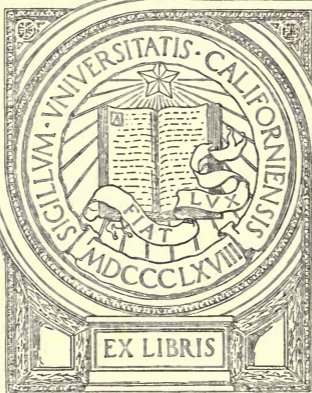
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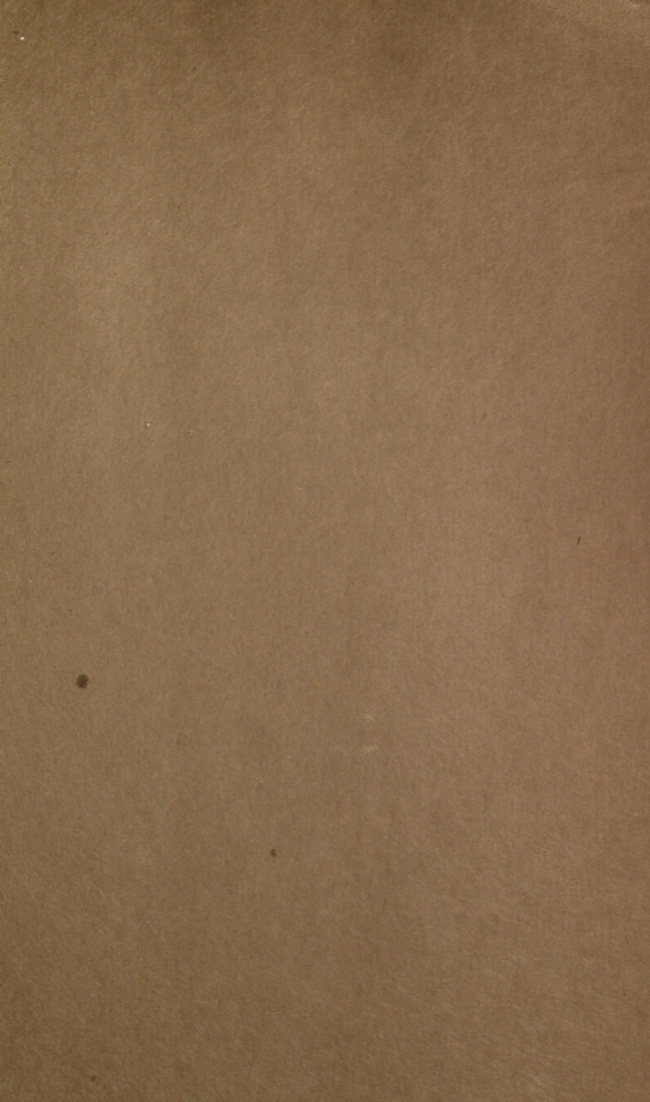
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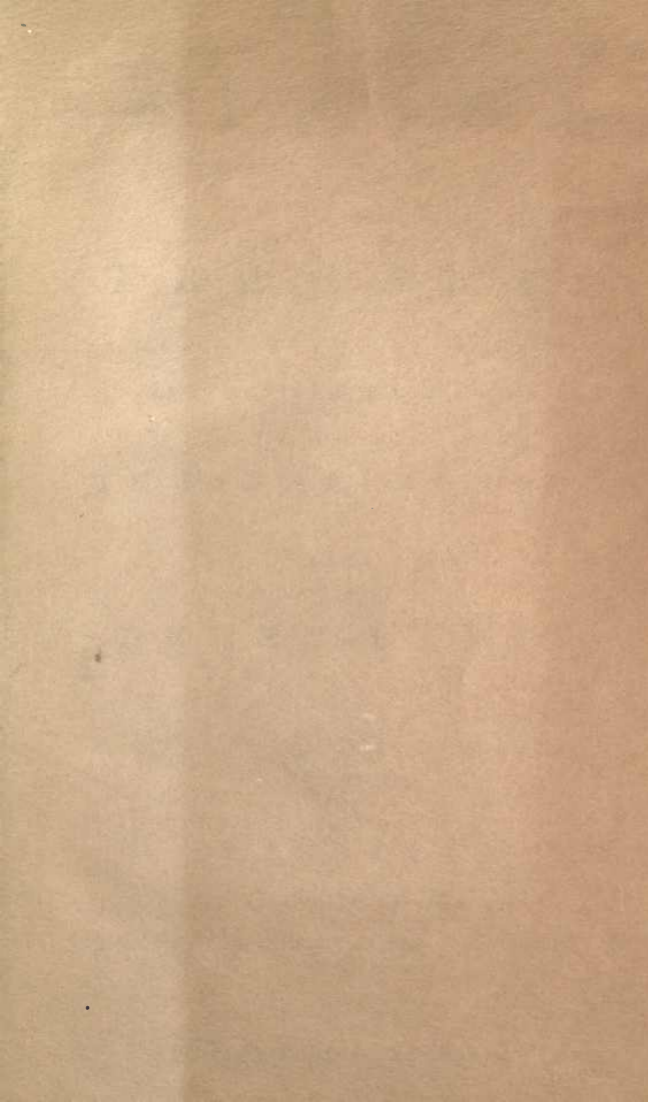
Sethona. A Tragedy.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
AT LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS





S E T H O N A.

A

T R A G E D Y.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N

D R U R Y - L A N E.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi,
in the Strand.

M D C C L X X I V .

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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LIBRARY

L O N D O N

Printed for T. B. Green, the Printer of the Admiralty,
in the Strand.

1793

Printed and Sold by T. B. Green, in the Strand.

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P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

Written by Mr. CUMBERLAND.

LIBRARY SETS
OCT 10 1940
Jamboni
IN classic times, as learned authors say,
When Greek or Roman wits produc'd a-play,
The herald Prologue, 'ere the sports began,
Fairly stept forward, and announc'd the plan:
In few plain words he ran the fable through,
And, without favour, publish'd all he knew.
An honest custom: for the plan was clear,
The scene was simple, and the Muse sincere;
No tawdry fashions warp'd the public taste,
The times were candid, and the stage was chaste.

Can we expect, in these enlighten'd days,
A courtly age should hold such vulgar ways?
Or that a blabbing prologue should disclose
Scenes, which no Muse of fashion ever shows.
No, Sirs, — Sethona is the lady's name —
She lives at Memphis — of unfulfilled fame:
A Tyrant woo'd her — but she lik'd another,
And once 'twas fear'd her lover was her brother.
As for the rest, a little patience borrow,
The Chronicle will tell you all to-morrow.
Authors are now so over modest grown,
They publish all men's writings, but their own.

But let no living bard conceive offence,
Nor take the general in a partial sense.
Peace to all such! the lab'ring bee must feed
From flow'r to flow'r; perchance from weed to weed;
And should the comb unwelcome flavour yield,
The fault's not in the fabric, but the field;

The

P R O L O G U E

*The critic wasp, mean while upon the wing,
 (An insect fraught with nothing but a sting)
 Disturbs t' industrious hive, for malice sake,
 Marring that honey, which he cannot make.*

*An absent bard, engag'd in distant war,
 This night appears by proxy at your bar:
 As o'er Arabia's wilds he took his way,
 From sultry Ormus and the realms of day,
 His active mind, superior to its toil,
 Struck out these scenes upon the burning soil.
 No cooling grottoes, no umbrageous groves,
 To win the Graces, and allure the Loves;
 No Heliconian fount wherein to dip,
 And slake the burning fever on his lip;
 Before him all is desert, waste, and dry,
 Above him flames the tyrant of the sky;
 Around his temples gath'ring whirlwinds fight,
 And drifts of scorching dust involve the light:
 Oh, snatch your Poet from impending death,
 And on his shrine we'll hang his votive wreath.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

AS it is prov'd, by scholars of great fame,
That Giplies and Egyptians are the same;
I, from my throne of Memphis, shift the scene,
And of the Giplies, now step forth the Queen!
Suppose, that with a blanket on my shoulder,
An old strip'd jacket, petticoat still older,
With ebon locks, in wild disorder spread,
The diadem, a clout about my head;
My dingy Majesty here takes her stand,
Two children at my back, and one in hand;
With curtsy thus---and arts my mother taught,
I'll tell your fortunes, as a Gipsy ought:
Too far to reach your palms---I'll mark your traces,
Which fate has drawn upon your comely faces;
See what is written on the outward skin,
And from the title page, know all within:
First, in your faces * I will mark each letter---
Had they been cleaner I had seen 'em better;
Yet through that cloud some rays of sun-shine dart,
An unwash'd face oft veils the cleanest heart.
That honest Tar, with Nancy by his side,
So loving, leering, whispers thus his bride,
" I love you Nancy, faith and troth I do,
" Sound as a biscuit is my heart, and true;
" Indeed, dear Johnny, so do I love you."
Love on, fond pair, indulge your inclination,
You ne'er will know, for want of education,
Hate, infidelity, and separation.---

* To the Upper Gallery.

E P I L O G U E.

*Some Cits I see look dull, and some look gay,
 As in Change-Alley they have pass'd the day,
 City Barometers!—for as stocks go,
 What Mercury they have, is high or low.
 What's in the wind which makes that Patriot vere?
 He smells a contract or lott'ry next year;
 Some Courtiers too I see, whose features low'r,
 Just turning patriots, they begin to sour;
 What in your faces can a Gipsy see?
 Ye Youths of fashion, and of family!
 What are we not to hope from taste, and rank?
 All prizes in this lottery?—Blank---blank---blank---
 Now for the Ladies---I no lines can spy
 To tell their fortunes---and I'll tell you why;
 Those fine-drawn lines, which would their fate display,
 Are, by the hand of fashion, brush'd away;
 Pity it is, on beauty's fairest spot,
 Where nature writes her best, they make a blot!---
 I'd tell our Author's fortune, but his face,
 As distant far as India from this place,
 Requires a keener sight than mine to view;
 His FORTUNE can be only told by YOU.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

COLONEL DOW, when he failed for India, left the following Tragedy in the possession of Mr. GARRICK. The event has shewn, that the reputation of an absent author could not have been trusted in safer hands. He spared no expence as a manager, no pains as a man of taste. The Scenery is strictly characteristical, and highly picturesque. The Dresses are magnificent and expensive, the Parts cast with great judgement; and the whole conducted with that regularity and ease, which can only be attained by a thorough knowledge of the Drama, and the business of the Stage. Mrs. BARRY, possessed of every power to touch, to penetrate, to dissolve the heart, exerted them in a degree that astonished while it pleased the audience. Mr. BARRY was judicious, chaste, and pathetic in Seraphis. Mr. REDDISH, spirited, and full of fire, in Menes. In their respective parts, the two AICKINS deserved and received great applause. Ample justice was done by Mr. PACKER, and others, to the rest of the characters. The public, and the author, are indebted to Mr. CUMBERLAND, for an elegant and classical Prologue: And to Mr. GARRICK, for one of the best Epilogues that ever was pronounced from the stage.

Dramatis Personæ.

- SERAPHIS, King of Egypt, Mr. BARRY,
- AMASIS, Usurper of the Throne of }
Egypt, Mr. AICKIN,
- MENES, next Male-Heir to the }
Crown, Mr. REDDISH,
- ORUS, High Priest of Osiris, Mr. J. AICKIN,
- OTANES, Governor of Sais, Mr. PACKER,
- MYRTÆUS, General of the Forces, Mr. DAVIES,
- OFFICERS, Mr. WRIGHT, Mr. WHEELER, and
Mr. KEEN.
- SETHONA, Daughter of Seraphis, Mrs. BARRY.

GUARDS, &c. &c.

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A.

Could'st thou enthrone me, 'midst the stars of heav'n;
 And say, the world that rolls beneath thy feet,
 And all these splendid orbs around, are thine,
 I would reject them, as the price of guilt,
 Though press'd with all the miseries of life.

A M A S I S.

Enough of argument! Know then this hour
 Shall make thee mine; shall bend thee to my arms;
 Shall change these haughty frowns, and vain complaints,
 To gentle smiles and murmurings of love.

S E T H O N A.

Then know my soul, amidst my ruin'd state,
 Maintains the dignity of Egypt's kings,
 Looks down upon thee.—Threats to me are vain:
 My soul contemns them all!

A M A S I S.

By Egypt's gods,
 Thou'rt sovereign of my heart! the full extent
 Of all my wishes!—High, in regal state,
 Thou shalt command the nations. Princes, kings;
 The Nile, the ocean, to thy feet shall bring
 Their yearly tribute. Still my soul shall dwell
 On thy perfections. Love shall crown our days
 With joy, with transport—— (*seizing her.*)

S E T H O N A.

Spare me, Amasis!
 I beg not for my life. I wish to die:
 But if my tears, my prayers can move thy heart,
 O let my wearied soul forsake the world,
 In all its native innocence.

A M A S I S.

Arise,
 Arise, Sethona! Dost thou think my love
 A spark, to be extinguish'd by a tear?

A flame, to be blown out with sobs and sighs?
 A soft impression, melted by the breath
 Of pity? No——And wouldst thou not despise
 Such cold affection? Soon, within my arms,
 Thy strange aversion shall be chang'd to love,
 And thou shalt wonder at thy own perverseness.

S E T H O N A.

No——never! never!

A M A S I S.

To the altar!

S E T H O N A.

Here——

Here let me perish——

A M A S I S.

Thus I bear thee hence!

S E T H O N A.

Inhuman man! to-morrow——

A M A S I S.

No——this hour——

This moment!

S E T H O N A.

Tyrant——I will not betray

My faith to Menes!

A M A S I S.

Menes is no more!

S E T H O N A.

Then grant this hour to grief——

A M A S I S.

Thou plead'st in vain;

In vain thou striv'st——away——

S E T H O N A. (*fainting.*)

O Menes, Menes!

A M A-

A M A S I S.

Ha! whence this paleness? This is no deceit:
The blood retires. A transitory death
O'erwhelms her senses.—Bear her to our halls!
[*Amasis and Attendants lead her out.*]

Enter MENES suddenly, ORUS following.

O R U S.

Menes, forbear!

M E N E S.

It was Sethona's voice!

O R U S.

Rash youth! thy frenzy ruins all our hopes.

M E N E S.

As well thou might'st oppose the bolt of Jove,
Wing'd with his wrath. Away---left in my rage
Thou too should'st perish.

O R U S.

Tread on my grey hairs,
I will not quit thee. Wherefore would'st thou rush
On certain death, and, in an evil hour,
Destroy the work of years, the fruit of all
Our expectations? Let not rage prevail---
A certain death, without revenge, attends
Thy rashness. Stay, this night, this very hour,
May crown thy hopes.

M E N E S.

This moment fills my soul
With mortal anguish. In a state like mine
It were a crime to listen to the voice
Of prudence.--Wherefore thus obstruct my course?
Since full revenge is my determin'd aim,
Trust to my conduct.

C 3

O R U S.

O R U S.

Whilst this storm of rage
Darkens thy reason, hence thou shalt not stir.
Dost thou despise my council?—Hast thou lost
All reverence for my friendship, for my age,
And sacred function? Is the life I saved
Unworthy of thy gratitude---thy care?---
Young man, this frenzy suits not with thy fame.
A nobler passion now demands thy sword:
Egypt, amidst her tears, looks up to thee,
Her only hope! Not Amasis alone
Must perish, Tyranny itself must fall.

M E N E S.

What noble purpose labours in thy mind?
I stand prepar'd. Orus, command my sword,
My life, my fame; but first let me behold
Sethona. In this moment of despair,
She may be lost for ever!

O R U S.

Danger lies
Between thee and thy wishes: Yet to calm
This tempest of thy soul, a faithful slave,
At my request, shall quickly guide thy steps
Through the deserted passage, form'd of old
By kings, who lov'd in secret to approach
The gods. But let not idle dreams of love
Ensnare thee by delay. With speed return
To hear, to execute a great design.

M E N E S.

Whate'er thy wisdom plans, is deem'd by me
The will of heav'n.

O R U S.

Too long thou tarry'st here.
This is no place of safety. Mœris soon

Shall

Shall lead thee to Sethona. In thy cell
A moment wait. By my command, the slave
Shall there attend thee.

M E N E S.

Nearest to the gods!
To thee I trust to save a dearer life
Than this which now I owe thee. To direct
My steps to glory, to revenge; to rouse
The warlike genius of our native land;
Arm'd with the wrath of heav'n to crush the pow'r
Of Amasis, and level in the dust
Those massy fabricks, which his pride has rais'd.

[Exit Menes.]

O R U S, *alone.*

O that this night were past! and Seraphis
Again established on his ancient throne!
'Till then, I must not tell this gallant youth,
His high descent; that he, as Sethos' son,
Is nephew to the king, and Egypt's heir.
His headlong fury breaks through my designs.
I must invent some scheme to check his rage,
And stop the progress of his ill-tim'd love,
'Till from his throne usurp'd the tyrant falls.
Why stays Otanes thus? Conspiracies,
Like thunder clouds, should, in a moment, form
And strike, like lightning, 'ere the sound is heard.

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE, SETHONA'S *Apartment.*SETHONA. *Entering in terror.*

SETHONA.

HE finds no rest in death! It bore the form
 Of Mentes! Dimly he arose thro' night!
 He stood in silence! He pursues my steps!
 Here I am left alone! My voice of grief,
 Invades his dark repose! Again—he comes!

Enter M E N E S.

Thou awful shade, retire!

M E N E S.

Away with fear!

SETHONA.

'Tis he!—'Tis he himself!

M E N E S.

My soul's delight!

Once more I clasp thee to my panting breast.

This, this is more than joy!

SETHONA.

Where hast thou been?

MENES.

M E N E S.

Compose thy mind a while——

S E T H O N A.

Since thou art safe,
Why should I question farther?

M E N E S.

Thou shalt hear,
But let not grief affect thy tender mind,
Or throw a damp upon this hour of joy.

S E T H O N A.

Of joy, indeed! That gives me back my love!
Where hast thou been? Oh, Menes, tell me where?
I will be calm—but let me hear it all.

M E N E S.

That day, on which we stood before the gods,
With willing vows, to consecrate our loves,
The tyrant's guards assaulted me unarm'd,
And tore me from Osiris and from thee.
Thro' paths unknown, they led me to a cell,
Cast me in chains; then raising from the floor
A pond'rous marble, to my view disclos'd
A dark deep pit, a dreary sepulchre!
Headlong they threw me down, to dwell with night,
Famine and horror, solitude and death!

S E T H O N A.

O dreadful state!

M E N E S.

Cold, bruis'd, disconsolate,
With fetters gall'd, with mortal anguish torn,
I lay, resign'd to destiny.

S E T H O N A.

Ye gods!

MENES.

M E N E S.

Then rising up, I crept along the walls,
 From place to place, and often in my arms,
 Embrac'd th' embalm'd dead! Thro' many a cell
 I wander'd cheerless. When a hollow sound
 Roll'd murmuring thro' the tombs. I wish'd again
 For silence—by degrees the noise approach'd——

S E T H O N A.

Approach'd!

M E N E S.

And soon a ray of livid light
 Shot thro' the darkness. Then a form appear'd,
 That seem'd not mortal, clad in vestments pure
 As heav'n's meridian beam. His beard was white,
 And pale his aged visage, faintly seen
 By the blue taper, in his trembling hand.
 Tow'rd me he mov'd; then clasp'd me in his arms,
 And welcom'd me to liberty and life.—
 I knew him then for Orus.

S E T H O N A,

Happy sight!
 What brought him thither?

M E N E S.

Oft, at dead of night,
 He visits his great ancestors. Releas'd
 From all my chains, I trod his cautious path.
 Thro' winding ways, he led me to the fane
 Of great Osiris. Where I scarce had stood
 An hour conceal'd, when by thy voice alarm'd
 I rush'd to save thee!

S E T H O N A.

Still my fears intrude

Upon

Upon my joys. Is Amasis inform'd
Of thy escape from death?

M E N E S.

He knows it not.

S E T H O N A.

How cam'st thou hither? Didst thou pass unseen,
Unknown by all?

M E N E S.

My steps to thee were led
By faithful Mæris.

S E T H O N A.

We're betray'd and lost!

He, with the times, has chang'd. Our sorrows all
Proceed from Mæris. When before the gods
We pledg'd our vows of love, to Amasis
He bore the grateful secret, and receiv'd
The price of perfidy. While yet I speak,
Thy late escape is to his ear convey'd.
This fatal hour the tyrant's vengeance falls
Again upon thee, Menes! Thou must fly,
And leave me to my fate.

M E N E S.

Thou do'st not mean
To wound my honour in the tenderest part,
By the proposal of a deed so base?
It must not be—Our fate has made us one,
And what but death can part us?

S E T H O N A.

Blame me not,

If my affection and my fears advis'd
The only means of safety.

M E N E S.

Trust the gods,

Nor think of danger.

D

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A.

Think not that I fear,
The utmost rage of stern adversity,
Whilst thou art left. With thee I could be bless'd,
Wreck'd on a pointed solitary rock,
Tho' loud thro' night the spirits of the storm
Howl'd on the hoary deep.

M E N E S.

That smile alone
Wou'd calm the tempests rage. Where'er thou art,
There dwells my joy. A ray divine is pour'd
From heav'n around thee. Sympathy of soul,
And finer feelings than the plant that shrinks,
From the light contact of an insect's wing,
Distinguish thee——

Enter an OFFICER, *with a Guard.*

OFFICER.

The king commands that Menes may be seiz'd,
For crimes of treason.

S E T H O N A.

Ruin! Death ensues!

M E N E S.

For treason? Hence! or this my sword——

S E T H O N A.

Alas!

OFFICER.

Put up thy sword. Thy rashness nought avails.

M E N E S.

'Tis better now to die in arms, than fall
Defenceless, unreveng'd, by bloody slaves,
That murder in the dark. I will not yield.
Retreat, or perish.

OFFI.

OFFICER.

Rush upon him——

M E N E S.

Death

Awaits the man who dares advance——

S E T H O N A.

O heaven !

O Menes, yield !

OFFICER.

Why grasp ye thus your swords,
Yet look so pale? the orders of the king
Are death, shou'd he resist.

M E N E S.

Then welcome death !

When dire necessity presents the choice,
Of death, or of dishonour.

Enter OTANES and interposes.

O T A N E S.

Sheath your swords !

OFFICER.

Then must Otanes answer to the king
For Menes.

O T A N E S.

Soldier, hence !

OFFICER.

Thy power must stand
Between us and his rage.

O T A N E S.

It shall——away—— [*Exit Officer.*

M E N E S.

Otanes !

O T A N E S,

Prop. of my declining years!
Restor'd to bless my arms!

M E N E S.

Restor'd to prove
New cause of sorrow.

O T A N E S.

Fear it not, the gods
Are our protectors: Why in tears, Sethona?

S E T H O N A.

Didst thou not see these ministers of death?

O T A N E S.

Give wing to hope: She cannot soar too high,
In this decisive moment of thy fate.

But Amasis may come: A while retire,
I must confer with Menes. Banish fear;
Our last resolves shall be convey'd to thee.

S E T H O N A.

Thy words restore me from the wild abyss
Of horror and despair. May all the gods
Confirm thy hopes and prosper thy designs.

[Exit Sethona.]

O T A N E S.

Menes, thou know'st that with paternal care
I rear'd thy infancy and train'd thy youth
To arms; with joy, from year to year, beheld
Thy ardent spirit kindling, as it flew,
To deeds of glory. Often in the field
I prov'd thy courage. Now the time is come
To prove thy fortitude. Thou must resign
Sethona to the king; or instant death
Awaits thy disobedience.

M E N E S.

M E N E S.

Ha! what means
 Otanes? Yield Sethona! prove, at once,
 False to my vows, a traitor to my love,
 Detested, lost, dishonour'd! He that once
 Falls, in his own opinion, falls indeed!
 But he, that's conscious of his virtue, stands
 Unmov'd, the pressure of an adverse world.

O T A N E S.

Menes, in any other cause but this,
 Such noble sentiments I would approve;
 But love awhile, must give a place to deeds
 Of death or fame. This night I mean to raise
 A King in Egypt, and subvert the throne
 Of the usurper.

M E N E S.

Shall it be to night?

O T A N E S.

To night. The enterprize is plann'd and ripe
 For execution.

M E N E S.

When the tyrant falls,
 Say, who shall reign in Egypt?

O T A N E S.

Seraphis?
 The lov'd, the lawful sovereign of the land;
 Whose virtues equal his descent divine;
 And, through the cloud of his misfortune, dart
 A ray of glory round him.

M E N E S.

Seraphis!
 What do I hear? he perish'd in the Nile!

O T A N E S.

O T A N E S.

So Fame reports. But still the monarch lives.
 To-day from Ethiopia, in disguise,
 He is return'd. There long he lay conceal'd,
 A hermit in the desert. Stand prepar'd.
 Our friends already fit their armour on,
 And grasp their swords, with elevated hopes
 Of glory and revenge! At my request,
 Ciphrenus, who commands the eastern gate,
 Fronting the royal palace, will admit
 A powerful squadron, that, out flying Fame,
 Advance from Sais. Orus, too, convenes
 Some bold conspirators, within the walls.

M E N E S.

Where do they meet in arms?

O T A N E S.

At Ceops' tomb!—

Enter A M A S I S, (*suddenly.*)

A M A S I S.

Is Menes not in chains?

O T A N E S.

O King, forgive
 A crime that sprung from error, not design.

A M A S I S.

From error—no! his crude ambition points
 At Egypt's throne in fair Sethona's right.

O T A N E S.

He ne'er could cherish such ambitious hopes,
 A youth of humble name.

A M A S I S.

Whence is he sprung?

O T A N E S.

O T A N E S.
 His fire in Seraphis's court was train'd,
 A man of virtue, though to fame unknown.
 The gods bear witness, how my soul abhors
 This fatal union. When, at Sais, first
 His private purpose reach'd mine ear, to thee
 With speed the fatal secret I convey'd.

A M A S I S.

Thou didst, Otanes, and by that confirm'd
 Thy prudence and unshaken faith to me!
 Yet such a crime, in Menes, merits death.

O T A N E S.

May I not plead!—

A M A S I S.

Away, tis all in vain.
 With fraudulent arts, he won Sethona's soul:
 Sethona, whom we lov'd and long design'd
 To grace our royal bed, to reconcile
 The minds of factious subjects to our throne.

M E N E S.

I lov'd Sethona! she return'd my love;
 Now she is mine, by all the holiest vows,
 And would not violate, her plighted faith,
 To share thy throne!

O T A N E S.

Menes, what rage!—

A M A S I S.

Is thine!
 Thy insolence!—thy folly!

M E N E S.

Art not thou
 The guardian of the laws? And not the rod
 Of vile oppression.—'Tis not meet that kings

Shou'd

Shou'd break the chain, by which they bind mankind
And shew the world examples of injustice.

A M A S I S.

Prefumptuous man!—this instant let him die!

M E N E S. (*putting his hand to his sword.*)

Away! ye slaves or death——

O T A N E S. (*aside.*)

All,—all is lost!

O Menes, Menes! thou hast ruin'd all.

Remember, ah! remember. Yield thy sword (*aloud*)
Dar'st thou oppose thy sovereign? Dar'st thou raise
Thy sword against Otanes?

M E N E S.

I submit.

My life is in thy hands

A M A S I S.

Let him be led
To publick execution. Let mankind
Learn from his fate, their duty to the throne.

(*Menes is carried off.*)

O T A N E S. (*kneeling.*)

My king! my sovereign, hear me!

A M A S I S.

Cease old man!

Would'st thou avoid our rage, forbear to plead
The cause of treason. Hence! I'll hear no more!

{*Exit.*

O T A N E S.

Confusion! ruin! his unbridled rage
Has drawn the tyrant's vengeance on his head,
'Ere all our friends are arm'd. What now remains?

Enter

OTANES

Enter SETHONA.

SETHONA.

Gone, gone for ever! They have torn him from me!
Hark! was not that his voice?

OTANES.

I heard it not.

SETHONA.

It is! it is!

OTANES.

No whisper stirs the air;
Thy grief perverts thy senses. Still the pow'r
Is thine to save him.

SETHONA.

Ha! what power is mine?

OTANES.

Consent to wed the king.

SETHONA.

To wed the king!—

OTANES.

His death shall free thee, 'ere the nuptial rites
Can be perform'd: A bold conspiracy
Is pointed at his life. This hour he falls!

SETHONA.

This very hour! ye gods!

OTANES.

Confide in me.
Feign full submission; on thy knees implore
His clemency. Thy honour shall remain
Safe and inviolate.

SETHONA.

Thy plot may fail!

E

OTANES.

O T A N E S.

It rests with thee.

S E T H O N A.

With me it shall not rest.

Enter A M A S I S.

A M A S I S.

What dost thou here, Sethona? why in tears?
 Why art thou thus the constant prey of grief,
 When joy prevails around?

S E T H O N A.

Why dost thou ask?
 Oh, pardon Menes! spare him, Amasis!
 Or give me instant death.

A M A S I S.

Thy death to me
 Were more supportable than thy disdain.

S E T H O N A.

Then 'tis decreed: The hour that Menes falls,
 Shall be my last.

A M A S I S.

This tempest of my soul,
 Which you, like some malicious goddess, rais'd
 To wreck my peace, shall overwhelm you both,
 Since you must sink together. *(going.)*

O T A N E S, *(aside.)*

Sooth his rage;
 Menes must perish, all our schemes must fail,
 Should'st thou not flatter him with hopes of love.

S E T H O N A.

Still hear me, Amasis!

A M A S I S.

Of this no more.

S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A.

Alas ! what happiness can'st thou propose
By hastning my compliance : Time might work
A change in my affections. Generous minds
Disdain a cold return ; and still derive
Their greatest joys, from those which they confer.

A M A S I S.

Persuasive woman ! Know my pride, that brooks
Not opposition, fires my bosom more
Than all thy boasted charms ; nor can the flame
Be quench'd but with his blood. Haste, let him die !

S E T H O N A, (*kneeling.*)

Stop, cruel man ! O, Amasis, revoke
The fatal sentence ! let thy heart relent,
I will be grateful.

A M A S I S.

It is now too late :
The power is mine.

S E T H O N A.

Then use it like the gods,
In mercy.

A M A S I S.

In the punishment of crimes !

S E T H O N A.

Is there no hope ?

A M A S I S.

No—none !

S E T H O N A.

What would'st thou have ?

A M A S I S.

I ask thee nothing.

E 2

S E T H O N A

SETHONA.

Am I then so poor,
So abject in thine eyes?

AMASIS.

No more!—arise.

Leave me, Sethona!

SETHONA.

Dost thou mean to stain
Thy nuptial hour with murder?

AMASIS.

Urge me not,
'Tis weakness thus to hear thee.

SETHONA.

On that hour
Dost thou refuse one poor request!

AMASIS.

Command
The wealth, the power of Egypt.

SETHONA.

Wealth and pow'r
Will now avail me nothing. Are thy fears
So great? Does Menes—

AMASIS.

Fears! We know no fears;
Protected by our valour, by our pow'r,
Our guard remains unshaken as our throne.
Once more to gratify thy will, to shew
Our just contempt of Menes, set him free.

SETHONA.

(to his guards.

Nay,

Nay, let him join the foe, dispute the field.
 Then shalt thou see, that Amasis excels (to Sethona.)
 Alike in arms, in honour and in fame.
 Call Menes hither. (to his guards)

O T A N E S.

Wherefore shou'd the king
 Thus condescend! His madness, his despair
 May still insult thy clemency——

A M A S I S.

Away!

Let him approach.

O T A N E S.

Sethona, leave this place.
 Yield to the pressure of the present hour.
 Bend to the tyrant's wrath. Seem to consent.
 Obey my words. Depart.

S E T H O N A.

How hard to feign
 In love like mine! He comes——

Enter M E N E S.

A M A S I S.

Bold youth, advance.
 Sethona, yielding to our love, redeems
 Thy life, but fly beyond our spacious realms,
 Or we revoke our mercy.

M E N E S.

Speak, Sethona!
 She turns from me in silence. Bear me back
 To death. [Exit Sethona.]

A M A S I S.

AMASIS.

Thy doom is fix'd. Thou'rt banish'd from this hour.
 Sethona wills it, and her will is fate.
 Guards, bear him hence, without the palace gates
 Strike off his chains—and shou'd he loiter here—
 By all the gods, that guard our throne, he dies.

[Exit.

MENES.

Am I awake? Undone. Forever lost!
 O woman, born to change! are these her vows?
 A desperate purpose labours in my breast;
 I'll blast their rites, throw death amidst their joys,
 And whelm'd beneath the ruin, leave my woes.

END of the SECOND ACT.

M E N E S.

A M A S I S.

Bold youth, advance

Sethona, yielding to our love, returns
 Thy life, but by beyond our passions reigns,
 Of we revoke our mercy.

M E N E S.

Speak, Sethona!

She turns from me in silence. Bid me back

[Exit Meneſ.]

A M A S I S.

A C T III.

S E T H O N A ' s Apartment.

Enter M E N E S .

M E N E S .

THIS secret path, which led me once to joy,
Now ministers to vengeance. From the fane
Unseen, unheard, I have emerg'd to light,
Like some disastrous pow'r on dark designs,
What doubt remains? O jealousy! I feel,
I feel thy serpent-tooth! Thou torturing fiend!
Thy rage some dreadful sacrifice demands.

Enter O R U S .

O R U S .

Menes, why tarry here? Our gallant friends,
Already met, now grasp their eager swords,
To free devoted Egypt. Thee they call
To lead them on.

M E N E S .

Away, I claim no aid
To favour my revenge: No tedious forms
Of war, or slow conspiracy. My wrongs
Arise, like armies, round me. This my sword
Shall quickly dash the tyrant's hopes of joy.

O R U S .

What frenzy fires thy mind, when thousands wait
To join their valour and their hopes with thine?

M E N E S .

M E N E S.

Whilst they prepare, my purpose must be lost,
The tyrant triumphs in Sethona's love.
My swelling soul some enterprize demands,
Great with uncommon danger, longs to rush,
And pour the tyrant's blood around his throne.

O R U S.

Some demon, hostile to our cause, inspires
Thy frantic mind to ruin all our hopes;
To quit the certain prospect of revenge,
And give Sethona to the tyrant's arms.

M E N E S.

Ha! name her not. To thee I owe my life.
Oh! shew me now the noblest path to death.
Preserve my fame—myself thou must not save.

O R U S.

Then join thy friends. It is the noblest path
To fame, the surest to obtain revenge.
Lead on the war. Let conduct be combin'd
With valour. Amasis, tho' unprepar'd,
Has great resources in his active breast,
And fortitude approv'd.

M E N E S.

The boldest course
To vengeance is the best. The glorious shock
Of arms, to which thy cooler counsel leads,
Is suited to my soul. I'll join our friends,
And lead the battle, 'till these lofty towers,
These palaces, these temples of the gods,
Shall mark the greatness of my rage with ruin.

[Exit Menes.]

O R U S.

As yet an hour remains. The nuptial rites
Are not begun. I fear his headlong rage

Will

Will drive him on, e'er the appointed time,
 E'er all our friends, like long imprison'd winds,
 At once from different quarters, rushing forth
 Begin destruction. Ha! what aged form
 Moves slowly hither? Do my eyes deceive?
 Or is it Seraphis? Defend him, gods!

Enter S E R A P H I S.

O king, beware! Alas, what weighty cause
 Provokes this danger?

S E R A P H I S.

Shall my only hope
 Be thus dishonour'd? Shall she meanly stoop
 To wed the base usurper of my throne?
 No: rather let destruction overwhelm our house,
 And leave no monument of their disgrace
 In Egypt.

O R U S.

Seraphis, thy friends are arm'd.
 The nuptials must proceed. The festive hour
 Will favour our designs, and banish thought
 From the pervading mind of Amasis.
 Menes advances. On his sword depends
 At once our fortune, and thy daughter's fate.
 Retire to safety.

S E R A P H I S.

Yet this very hour,
 Perhaps this moment, hurries her along
 To foul dishonour. Shall I offer up
 So fair a victim, for a doubtful point
 Of policy? like some devoted prey,
 Shall she be thus deserted, to allure
 The savage to our toils? shall not my eyes
 Behold her, e'er the busy hand of death,
 May close them up for ever?

F

ORUS.

O R U S.

Yet my fears.

Should Amafis——

S E R A P H I S.

No danger shall withhold
 My steps from where my honour, where my fame
 Demand my presence. In this low disguise,
 This sacred character, that finds access
 Unquestion'd to the privacy of kings,
 I will approach Sethona, will preserve
 My child from Amafis, and stand prepar'd
 To join my friends, when their victorious arms
 Approach.

O R U S.

All ye gods, preserve,
 Protect my sovereign! I will soon convey
 Thy high commands to Menes. [Exit Orus.]

S E R A P H I S.

Guide my steps,
 Thou great Osiris!

Enter S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A.

Loft! I am betray'd,
 Press'd to the verge of ruin, cover'd o'er
 With guilt, with shame, with horror, with remorse,
 Deserted, sunk, forlorn!

S E R A P H I S. (*aside.*)

It is my child!
 My daughter!

S E T H O N A.

Wherefore do I drag this life
 Of misery, as if I fear'd to die;
 Or that the deep dark mansions of the grave

Cou'd

Cou'd not afford a refuge from my woes.
I will not tarry here. Ha! who art thou?

SERAPHIS: *(aside.)*

This bosom tells me——

SETHONA.

Venerable sage!

Intrude not on my sorrows. Now I hold
No converse, or with wisdom or the wise,
Despair and terror, solitude and grief,
Are my companions. *(going.)*

SERAPHIS.

Yet with patience hear——

SETHONA.

Who talks of patience in the ear of grief?
But recommends the good we cannot find.
Ah! whither shall I fly? Who can protect
My innocence?

SERAPHIS.

The gods:

SETHONA.

The gods, alas!

Have left me to my woes.

SERAPHIS.

Art thou not soon

To be a queen?

SETHONA.

To be no more.

SERAPHIS.

Alas!

I dare not blame thee.

SETHONA.

Wherefore dost thou weep?

F 2

The

The 'cource of years, thro' this detested world,
Has not depriv'd thy tender heart of pity.

SERAPHIS.

Too much I feel.

SETHONA.

Does not thy age afford
A refuge from affliction?

SERAPHIS.

None. These hairs
Have long been whitening in the winds of heav'n,
Yet now I bend beneath a load of care,
That still augmenting sinks me to the grave.

SETHONA.

O, could I give thee comfort.—Thou art poor.
Fortune has left me nothing.

SERAPHIS.

Yet on thee
My only hope depends.

SETHONA.

Take, take my all,
My pity——

SERAPHIS.

'Tis too much—give me thy hand
That I may bless thee. All ye gracious powers,
Look down!——

SETHONA.

Thou good old man, why thus partake
In my affliction? Wherefore gaze upon me?

SERAPHIS.

Such was thy mother's beauty in her prime.

SETHONA.

My mother!

SERAPHIS.

S E R A P H I S.

Yes—thy mother!

S E T H O N A.

Didst thou know

The queen of Egypt?

S E R A P H I S.

Ah! this bosom still

Retains her image.

S E T H O N A.

In thy poverty,

I might have read our fortune. Thou hast serv'd
My father to thy ruin!

S E R A P H I S.

Can't thou told

A secret in thy breast?

S E T H O N A.

A secret!

S E R A P H I S.

Yes.

Call forth thy resolution.

S E T H O N A.

Ha! What strong

Emotions swell thy breast?

S E R A P H I S.

My heart will burst.

S E T H O N A.

Why dost thou tremble?

S E R A P H I S.

All my strength has fail'd.

S E T H O N A.

The weight of years is on thee. Small my strength,
Yet thou shall be supported, poor old man!

S E R A P H I S.

S E R A P H I S.

Come to my arms, thou dearest to my soul,
I am——

S E T H O N A.

Who art thou? Speak!——

S E R A P H I S.

It is too late.

(Flourish:)

S E T H O N A.

Unfold thyself.—Thou shalt not thus depart.

Enter A M A S I S *and* O T A N E S.

A M A S I S.

Sethona, still in tears? Why this delay?
With whom dost thou so earnestly confer?
Who and from whence art thou?

O T A N E S.

Distraction! ruin! *(aside:)*

His name is Pheron.

A M A S I S.

Some divining priest,
Charg'd with false oracles.

S E T H O N A.

Upbraid him not,
His only crime is poverty, which throws,
In such a venerable form, reproach
On thee and fortune. Pheron I wou'd speak
With thee in secret.

A M A S I S.

When the god of love
Is hovering o'er the altar, and prepares
To crown our vows with joy? Lead on.

S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A.

In vain
Thou striv'st to bear me hence. My soul is mov'd
By this unhappy stranger. He has serv'd
My father. Pheron, tell me all thy tale.

O T A N E S.

He may attend to-morrow——

S E T H O N A.

No, Otanes!
A virtuous deed should never be delay'd.
The impulse comes from heav'n, and he who strives
A moment to repress it, disobeyes
The god within the mind.

S E R A P A I S.

Now, bent with age,
And creeping to my grave, my wants are few,
But not the less my gratitude.—To me,
My own reflections prove a full reward,
For all the good that threescore years and ten,
Have put within my power; nor do my crimes
Darken my eve of life.

A M A S I S.

From whence art thou?

S E R A P H I S.

That day on which inconstant fortune fled
The standard of the king, wedg'd in the flight
Of an inglorious squadron, I was borne
Unwillingly from death.—The burning climes
Of Ethiopia have been since my home;
At length desirous of a quiet grave
Among my kindred, in my native land,
I ventur'd to return, and now resign
Myself with joys to the decrees of heav'n.

AMASIS.

A M A S I S.

His looks appear familiar to my eyes,
Nor seems his voice unknown.

S E R A P H I S.

In former times,
I was not here a stranger.

O T A N E S. (*aside.*)

Now my fears
Press hard upon me—Gods!

A M A S I S.

Art thou not sent
From th' Ethiopian camp, to spy the state
Of Memphis?

S E T H O N A.

Nothing wounds an honest mind,
Like undeserv'd suspicion.

A M A S I S.

He recalls
The memory of thy father.

O T A N E S.

All is lost! (*aside.*)

S E T H O N A.

The memory of my father! let me trace,
Those venerable features that recal
The sad remembrance of the best of kings.

A M A S I S.

Thousands beheld him sinking in the Nile,
And yet I could suspect——

Enter M Y R T Æ U S. (*hastily.*)

M Y R T Æ U S.

O king, thy slave
Has an important secret for thine ear.

A M A S I S:

A M A S I S.

Thou shalt be heard — Otanes, lead him hence,
In secret question him, and search his soul. [Exit.

S E T H O N A. (*to Otanes.*)

Befriend the hapless. To the ag'd be kind,
Pity demands of thee, with double claim,
To save this guiltless stranger from his foes.
[Exit.

A M A S I S. (*advancing with Myrtæus.*)

Speak, brave Myrtæus!

M Y R T Æ U S.

A conspiracy,
This hour is form'd against thy crown and life.
While yet I speak they come.

A M A S I S.

Ha! who are these
Who league with Ethiopia? Dare the slaves
Whom favour rais'd, rebel against their Lord?

M Y R T Æ U S.

The dark design, in partial whispers came
This instant to mine ear.—Some daring chiefs
Are arming round the palace, and conspire
To place some other sovereign on the throne,

A M A S I S.

Haste, rouse the strength of Memphis. Let our guards
Be chang'd; the traitors seiz'd; the gates secur'd;
A chosen squadron of our bravest troops
Reserv'd to guard us.

M Y R T Æ U S.

'Tis already done.

G

Enter

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

To arms, to arms! the foes already shake
The pow'r of Memphis, bear our squadrons down,
And now advance, with Menes at their head.

A M A S I S.

What force remains?

OFFICER.

Some troops are still in arms.

A M A S I S.

And so is Amasis. We lead them on. [*Exit.*

Enter S E T H O N A.

(Thunder and shouts at a distance.)

S E T H O N A.

O what a night of horror! now the moon
Is darkn'd in eclipse. The air is fill'd
With streaming meteors. Murm'ring thunder rolls.
The broad firm earth shakes with the tread of hofts,
That murder in the dark. The groans of death
Roll on the winds of heaven. Ye gods, look down,
Protect our cause! Let Menes' sword prevail

(shouts increase.)

Again! It is the storm of war and death!
Who can survive the conflict?

Enter O R U S. *(in terror.)*

O R U S.

All is lost!

S E T H O N A.

Speak; tell me all!

ORUS.

O R U S.

Our friends retreat :

S E T H O N A.

Alas !

O R U S.

I fear, I fear, the aged king is slain !

S E T H O N A.

What aged king ?

O R U S.

Thy father, Seraphis !

S E T H O N A.

My father ! Whether does thy frenzy lead,
To tell me now, what many years have told ?

O R U S.

This very instant he led on the war.

S E T H O N A.

Thy fears distract thee !

O R U S.

Yes, my fears are great,

But I possess my reason. Seraphis,
Thy father, liv'd amid the strife of arms,
This hour, in Memphis. Long he lay conceal'd
In Ethiopia, thence of late return'd
In poverty's disguise, to fall, in age,
By the victorious arms of Amasis.

S E T H O N A.

Is nature chang'd ? Or do my senses stray
In the wild mazes of a troubled dream,
Where all is wonder ? Woe succeeds to woe !
The dead mix with the living, and the work
Of years is crowd'd in a single hour :
It cannot be ! Alas, too sure I wake !
O that I now could sleep to wake no more !

O R U S.

Ye gods of Egypt, soothe her mind to peace!

S E T H O N A.

The aged hermit was the king himself!
 My father Seraphis! O had I known
 That, on my knees I might have kiss'd his feet,
 And have receiv'd the blessings of a parent.
 All—all is silent—Menes too has fall'n!
 My fate is dark around me. Farewel, Orus.

[Exit Orus.]

Forfaken, unprepar'd, weary of life,
 Oppress'd with woes, above my failing strength,
 My limbs will not support me. O'er my eyes
 A cloud of darkness falls. The hated world
 Fades on my sight. The clay-cold hand of death
 Is heavy on my heart. Here let me rest,

(falls on a couch.)

And take my leave of sorrow. Sacred light!
 Ah! whether dost thou fly! Depart, ye shades,
 Croud not upon my soul!

*(faints.)**Enter* M E N E S.

M E N E S.

My coward friends are fled. Dishonour, shame,
 And ruin follow them. Ha! there she lies!
 She seems to sleep. Despair, revenge, inspire
 My soul with deadly rage. Do odours breathe
 From such a poisonous plant? Does innocence
 Pour divine radiance on the face of guilt?
 She smiles! She dreams of joy! I'll turn aside
 My eyes, lest courage fail. I cannot err—
 O that the deed were done!—

My hand shakes, my limbs totter, the warm blood
 Already streams upon me. At my heart,
 I feel the dagger's point. Horrid revenge!
 Give, give me resolution.

S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A. (*recovers.*)

Menes! Ha!

A dagger—strike!—

M E N E S.

Call——call not back to light
These sinking furies.

S E T H O N A.

In those deadly frowns,
Those looks of horror, I perceive my fate;
Thy adverse fortune. Amasis prevails.
Strike. Save my honour, and thy own.

M E N E S.

Thy honour!

S E T H O N A.

Now I am lost indeed! Let thy revenge,
Thy rage, have scope. I have deserv'd it all!

M E N E S.

Dost thou repent!

S E T H O N A.

Alas! the gods themselves
Can grant me nothing, when condemn'd by thee;
Then give me death.

M E N E S.

What! didst thou not consent
To wed the tyrant?

S E T H O N A.

Ha! to wed the tyrant?
Could'st thou suspect me of that base design?
Alas, I've lov'd in vain! To save thy life,
I feign'd submission to the tyrant's will;
My purpose gain'd, I meant to lose my own.

MENES,

M E N E S. (*throws away the dagger, and kneels.*)

O that my death could half redress thy wrongs!
 Throw, spurn me from thy feet! my guilt, my crimes,
 Exceeds forgiveness! horror, rage, remorse,
 Torment a wretch, unworthy to possess
 Virtue, that seems to emulate the gods!

S E T H O N A.

Menes, arise! I know thou wert deceiv'd!

M E N E S.

Dost thou embrace me?

S E T H O N A.

Never more to part.

M E N E S.

No, never more! Then let me lead thee hence,
 Through the loud tumult of this fatal night,
 To the dark caves of death; those dreary cells,
 Where Egypt's monarchs lie. There all our friends
 Retreat for safety.

S E T H O N A.

I will follow thee,
 As if the gods of Egypt led the way.
 Protected by thy arm, I know no fear;
 But where thou art not, terror whelms my soul.

END of the THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *the* C A T A G O M B S.

S E R A P H I S.

THIS is the house of death! The dreary tomb
 Of Egypt's ancient kings! What now remains
 Of all their glory, but these mould'ring piles,
 And these imperfect, mutilated forms
 Of what they were? The period of my fate
 Will soon be clos'd. An undistinguish'd blank,
 Perhaps succeeds. What then? To know it not,
 Is not to be unhappy. Yet the soul
 Looks thro' the gloomy portal of the grave,
 To happier scenes of immortality.
 O let not such a pleasing hope be vain!
 Eternity, thou awful gulph of time,
 This wide creation on thy surface floats.
 Of life—of death—what is, or what shall be,
 I nothing know. The world is all a dream,
 The consciousness of something that exists,
 Yet is not what it seems. Then what am I?
 Death must unfold the mystery!

Enter O T A N É S.

O T A N E S.

My king!

S E R A P H I S.

My friend, Otanes.

O T A N E S.

O T A N E S.

Still misfortune pours
Her storms upon us. What remains ?

S E R A P H I S.

To die !

O T A N E S.

Be that the last resource of our despair.
Some friends surround us.

S E R A P H I S.

Vain are all our hopes.
When, in full sail, conspiracy receives
An unexpected shock, it splits, it sinks,
To rise no more !

O T A N E S.

Tho' death has thin'd our ranks,
Thousands remain.

S E R A P H I S.

Those lions, that had broke
Their chains to range at large, now trembling, hear
Their keeper's voice ; and diffident of strength,
Crouch to the lash. My hopes are all cut off
In Menes. O had I beheld my son !

O T A N E S. (*aside.*)

'Tis well: He knows not that he has no son.
Orus has nought disclos'd. His state requires
The secret shou'd be kept.—He still survives,

[*To Seraphis.*]

Like the immortal spirit of a storm,
Who stirs with joy the elements to war,
And strides amidst the ruin !

S E R A P H I S.

Still a ray
Of joy descends on my departing hour.
My son displays the spirit of his race,

Still

Still braves his adverse fortune, and pursues
A glorious death, while we stand loitering here
To meet the most ignoble.

Otanes, let us hence, and meet the fate
That best becomes our dignity and fame.

O T A N E S.

Dispose of me; and yet our post is strong;
Thro' Memphis, thousands will assert thy cause
And hasten to thy rescue.

S E R A P H I S.

Shall a king!
The race of heroes, honour'd as divine,
Be dragg'd in fetters, thro' a scoffing croud;
Cast in some filthy dungeon, there to die
Of rage, or lengthen'd torture, or indulg'd
To fall by base assassins? Much I owe
To thee, Otanes, for thy loyalty;
Thy firm adherence to a failing cause;
Thy care of Menes, in his tender years;
Yet all hath prov'd in vain. My wayward fate
Involves my friends in ruin.

O T A N E S.

I have done
No more than duty and the state requir'd,
And should I fall, I fall in the support
Of justice. 'Tis the noblest fate of man!

[Noise without.]

S E R A P H I S.

Our foes advance. Let me have done with doubt.
I must not be the last to meet my death;
As if I fear'd to quench the ling'ring flame
Of an expiring life.

O T A N E S.

I will explore
The cause of this alarm

[Exit Otanes.]

H

S E R A -

SERAPHIS. (*Naise continues.*)

My fame receives
 A wound, at every stroke. The time has been,
 When I could bear my armour with more ease.
 Nor seem'd this sword so heavy in my hand.
 But tho' my body feels the frost of age,
 When danger threatens, or when glory calls,
 Some youthful vigor still inspires my soul.

[going.

Re-enter OTANES.

OTANES.

Our efforts all are vain; the foe has seiz'd
 The gate, and rushes on us! 'Tis too late!

SERAPHIS.

Otanés, no! 'Tis ne'er too late to die,
 But when we live to shame. One last resource
 Remains to man, when fortune frowns the most,
 One general refuge from the ills of life.
 My remedy I grasp. This faithful friend
 Shall set me free. (*offers to stab himself.*)

OTANES.

O stop thy frantic hand.
 What means my lord, my king?

*Enter MYRTÆUS with his party, who disarm him.*MYRTÆUS. (*To Seraphis.*)

So old a traitor must not thus escape.
 Another death awaits.—Ha! who art thou?

SERAPHIS.

The king of Egypt! Seraphis!

MYRTÆUS.

So great,
 So bold, and so unfortunate! My eyes

Belye

Belye my recollection, if to me
 Thou art not known, by a much dearer name,
 Tho' not so lofty. Pheron!

S E R A P H I S.

Thou art not

Deceiv'd.

M Y R T Æ U S.

Thus on my knees let me embrace
 Those holy feet, that led me to thy cave,
 And sav'd my life, from famine and the foe,
 When banish'd to the desert.

S E R A P H I S.

Rise, Myrtæus!

I well remember thee in thy distress,
 Thou feest me now in mine.

M Y R T Æ U S.

And thus my heart
 Speaks gratitude.—The life thy bounty sav'd,
 The light thy dictates pour'd upon my soul,
 Are now at thy command. Forgive the past,
 And trust my future conduct. Whilst I thought
 That fate had number'd thee among the dead,
 I yielded to the pressure of the times,
 And bow'd to Amasis. But now thou liv'st,
 I mean to serve thee, with a zealous heart,
 As my protector and my lawful king.

S E R A P H I S.

My noble friend! I fear thy valour now
 Will nought avail. Our troops are all dispers'd,
 And Memphis pours her armies round the throne
 Of the usurper. All our hope is flight.

M Y R T Æ U S.

It must not be. Should'st thou desert our walls
 Thy cause is ruin'd. Here thy name alone

Is more than armies. The command I bear
 Is great. My late discovery of the plot,
 Gives Amasis unbounded confidence
 In my affections. Here thou may'st be safe,
 Conceal'd within the cave? whilst I attempt,
 By promises and arguments, to draw
 The troops from their allegiance. Thou, Otanes,
 Safe in my conduct may'st instruct thy friends
 That range without a leader, where to meet
 And wait my further orders, to renew
 The daring enterprize.

SERAPHIS.

Thou counsel'st well;
 The bold succeed the best. 'Tis now no time
 To play a game of caution. Fortune loves
 Her ravisher. We must not fear her frowns,
 But bind her to our purpose.

B O T H.

We obey. *[Exeunt.]*

SERAPHIS, *alone.*

My hope once more emerges from the cloud
 Of my distress. The moment that appear'd
 Charg'd with the execution of my fate,
 Brought safety. Ha! I hear the tread of feet
 This way approach. Perhaps it is the foe.
 Here in the dark recesses of the cave,
 I will be safe. *(Goes into the tomb.)*

Enter S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A.

Is this th' appointed place? No friends are here,
 But my departed ancestors, that seem
 To becken me to their eternal rest!
 O Menes, Menes! Wherefore wouldst thou rush

Amidst

Amidst the foe, nor suffer me to share
 Thy danger and thy death. How dreadful seems
 This moment of suspense? But hark! A groan!
 I fear to listen. These dim lamps expire!
 I shall be left in darkness! Something stirs,
 Within the cave! Who 'ere thou art, appear——
 It comes! Art thou the living or the dead?
 Substantial form or mock'ry of the brain?
 Why mov'st thou thus in silence?

Enter S E R A P H I S,

S E R A P H I S.

Let not fear——

S E T H O N A.

Approach me not!—Who art thou?

S E R A P H I S.

I am he!

That gave thee life.

S E T H O N A.

My father, or my God?

S E R A P H I S.

Thy father!

S E T H O N A.

Seraphis!

S E R A P H I S.

The same; the same;

Come to my aged arms, my lovely child!

S E T H O N A.

My father!—O my father!

S E R A P H I S.

Let not joy

O'erwhelm thy tender soul. Why dost thou weep?

S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A.

Alas! I know not why; yet think my tears,
Are not the tears of sorrow. Let me lean
Upon thee. Never did my head before,
Recline upon a father's breast.

S E R A P H I S.

Perhaps,
It never may again.

S E T H O N A.

Short was my dream
Of joy. I wake and see a shoreless sea,
Of trouble round me.

S E R A P H I S.

Still we grasp a reed
Of Egypt's broken strength. Does Menes live?

S E T H O N A.

His fate's uncertain! Striving to escape,
We met the foe. Conjuring me to fly,
He stopt and fought; though many were the swords,
That gleam'd around him.—If he lives some god
Must yield protection. But my fears——

S E R A P H I S.

I owe
Much to his valour; though he knows me not.
Should I succeed, I mean to make him king.
If not, the grave will prove the whole extent
Of our dominions.

S E T H O N A.

Menes well deserves
The highest pitch of greatness, bears a soul,
That from its native ardour, still aspires
To that perfection, which enables man
To mix with the immortals. How my heart

Exults

Exults with joy, to hear my father thus
Approve my choice and sanctify my love.

SERAPHIS.

Thy choice! thy love! explain thy words—

SETHONA.

Alas!
Thy looks condemn me! yet, my heart declares
My innocence.

SERAPHIS.

I hope it does!

SETHONA.

My fears!

Again arise!—yet why should I deny
What I esteem my greatest happiness,
By love, by fate impell'd, I pledged my vows—

SERAPHIS.

To whom?—

SETHONA.

To Menes.

SERAPHIS.

Horror! fly my sight.

SETHONA.

What have I done to merit every woe,
The wrath of heav'n can pour upon my head?
Is he not worthy?

SERAPHIS.

Most unfit for thee.

SETHONA.

If I have fail'd in duty take my life;
And, with my blood, blot out my crime; nor thus
With words, more sharp than daggers, pierce my soul.

SERAPHIS.

S E R A P H I S.

I must unfold——

S E T H O N A.

Ha! what wouldst thou unfold?

S E R A P H I S.

A dreadful secret, which thou ought'st to know.

S E T H O N A.

O tell me what it is——

S E R A P H I S.

That Menes——

S E T H O N A.

What of Menes

S E R A P H I S.

Is thy brother.

(Sethona faints.)

I've been too rash,

The time was most improper. Hark! what sound
Comes ecchoing through the tombs! Against the wall
I see the shadow of an armed man.

Revive, Sethona! O my child, revive!

I must convey her to my dark retreat.

*(leads off Sethona.)**Enter* M E N E S.

M E N E S.

I saw some ruffian bear Sethona hence,
As if he were her murderer. Tenfold night,
The deepest grave, the mansions of the dead,
Shall not conceal—shall not defend—he dies!

He dies if he is mortal.

(rushes into the tomb.)

Who e'er thou art, come forth——

S E R A P H I S.

Rash man, forbear!

S E T H O N A.

S E T H O N A. (*within.*)

O Menes! spare my father, spare the king——

M E N E S. (*re-entering.*)

Forth to the light.

S E R A P H I S.

Remorse pursues the deed.

M E N E S.

Who art thou?——

S E R A P H I S.

Seraphis, the king, thy father.

M E N E S. (*throwing away his sword.*)The king! ye gods——thus prostrate at thy feet,
Let me implore forgiveness.

S E R A P H I S.

Rise my son——

I do forgive thee. Come to my embrace.

Enter S E T H O N A. (*from the cells.*)M E N E S. (*going to embrace her.*)

She lives——she lives!

S E T H O N A.

Away! avoid my arm.

M E N E S.

What means Sethona? What has Menes done?
Thou dearest to my soul!——

S E T H O N A.

Speak not of love——

M E N E S.

Not speak of love!

I

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A.

Thy father will explain—
Thou art——

M E N E S.

Thy husband. Seraphis approves;
And calls me son——

S E R A P H I S. (*embracing him.*)

My son indeed! my hope!

M E N E S.

Thou art too kind, what merit can discharge
This gratitude I feel? what words excuse
My love, that dar'd presumptuously to rise
To thy fair daughter? I had cause to fear
Thy high displeasure, but thou giv'st me all,
Without her there is nothing.——

(Noise without.)

Ha! behold,
The tyrant comes. My sword——

A M A S I S *and a party rush in.*A T T E N D A N T. (*taking up the sword of Menes.*)

It now avails thee not.

A M A S I S.

The gods are still
The friends of valour, none deserves to wear
A crown who can't defend it. In thy age
Attempts thou, what thy youth cou'd not perform?
We have a cell for hermits.

M E N E S.

Faithless man!
Dost thou exult in villainy?—'Tis not
Thy valour, but thy fortune that prevails;
And if thou dar'st to doubt it, render back

My

My sword and try thy courage, with my youth ;
Nor meanly thus, with vaunting tongue, insult
The venerable dignity of age.

A M A S I S.

Audacious traitor ! Dost thou hope to fall
By royal hands ? It is the task of slaves
To punish such as thee.

M E N E S.

Thy fears prevail.
Twice didst thou shun me in the ranks, withdraw
Behind the shields of braver men, who paid
The price of life to save thee.

A M A S I S.

Bear him hence,
And let his burning frenzy cool in chains.
His tortures shall be equal to his crimes.
(guards seize Menes.)

M E N E S.

Yes, bear me hence !—A coward ever finds
A subterfuge from danger. King of Egypt,
And thou fair mourner o'er a father's woes,
Farewel for ever !

S E T H O N A.

Yet a moment stay—
Behold my death—Relentless tyrant, here,
Here, plunge thy sword.—It was the lightnings flash,
(looks distractedly.)
The earth is rent, the wide abyfs unfolds ;
Deep, deep and raging.—Roll me in the skirt
Of that descending cloud ! I see thee not—
O Menes ! Seraphis ! ye will not leave
Your poor Sethona !

M E N E S.

Tyrant! see—behold!
 The ruin thou hast made.—The furies sleep!
 The bolt has fall'n from the right hand of Jove.—
 The voice of thunder is not heard in heav'n.
 Farewel for ever!—Oh my king!—my love!
 Bear me to death, The rack itself appears
 A place of slumber. In the last extreme,
 One object of ambition still remains
 With the exalted mind—it is to die
 With fortitude *(Menes is carried off.)*

A M A S I S.

Be Seraphis secured;
 And bear Sethona to our royal halls.

S E T H O N A.

Fear not the tyrant. Thou art Egypt's king.
 They come! they come! Thy grey hairs will defend—
 Thou seest them not—thy eyes are dim with age.
 Raise not your bloody hands. Away, away!
 Pity my father. He is weak and old—
 They shall not kill thee, whilst I clasp thee thus—
(embracing Seraphis.)

A M A S I S.

Tear them asunder—

S E R A P H I S.

— Tyrant! though I meant
 With just contempt, without a word or groan,
 To bear thy utmost tortures, and support
 With dignity, the rigour of my fate.
 Yet thou hast found a way to make my heart
 Pour forth its anguish. Hast thou no remorse,
 Thus to oppress me with a father's grief?
 Give me thy tortures, yet if justice dwells
 Among the gods, the vengeance due to guilt,
 Shall fall on thee.

A M A S I S.

A M A S I S. *(to his Guards.)*
Haste, force them from this place.

S E R A P H I S,

Tyrant! the power is thine. But still I scorn
Thy utmost efforts. Come to my embrace,
My poor unhappy daughter—Now, farewell!

S E T H O N A.

Hold, cruel men! ye shall not tear me hence,
Leave me! they pull too hard. He is my father!
Alas, we part for ever!

S E R A P H I S.

Child belov'd!

We part to meet again. Thy tender soul,
Already on the wing, prepares for flight.
Soon shalt thou join my spirit as it flies,
And leave behind thy anguish and thy woes.
[They are both carried off.]

A M A S I S.

These rigours dire necessity demands.
But still, though wild ambition steels my heart,
I feel some pangs of nature at their grief.
Fool that I am!—Compassion to my foes
Is cruelty, perdition to myself!
This feeble fit is vanish'd with the scene,
And all the vigour of my soul returns. *[Exit.]*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

SCENE, *the court before a PRISON.*

A M A S I S.

O Royalty! What joys hast thou to boast,
 To recompence thy cares? Ambition seems
 The passion of a god. Yet, from my throne
 Have I with envy seen the naked slave
 Rejoicing in the music of his chains,
 And singing toil away; and then, at eve,
 Returning peaceful to his couch of rest.
 Whilst I sat anxious and perplex'd with cares;
 Projecting, plotting, fearful of events:
 Or like a wounded snake, lay down to writhe,
 The sleepless night, upon a bed of state.
 But I am plung'd too far into the stream,
 To gain the shore I left.—They both shall die.

Enter O R U S guarded.

G U A R D.

O king, we found this priest amidst the foe,
 Bearing aloft the image of his god;
 Invoking heav'n, with prayers, to aid the cause
 Of Seraphis. Encouraging his friends,
 With prophecies and lying oracles,
 And divinations fatal to his lord.

A M A S I S.

A M A S I S.

His prophecies and vain portents we scorn;
False are his arts. Say, do the gods approve
Of treason?

O R U S.

Never; and for that the gods
Have disapprov'd of thee. A subject born,
A minister in trust; didst thou not seize
Thy master's throne by perfidy? Pursue
His life with rancour? Trample on thy foes,
And scourge the world as with the wrath of heav'n.
Rous'd by a nation's woes, this great revolt
I meditated long. My duty done,
I leave the rest to heav'n.

A M A S I S.

Dost thou confess
Thy crime?

O R U S.

My virtue. When the aged king,
On thy revolt, amidst his flying host,
Was headlong borne into the Nile, and, there,
Suppos'd to perish. Of the ancient race,
Two infant princes were by me conceal'd;
In hopes, one day, I might restore the line.
The heir of empire, and the only son
Of Sethos, younger brother to the king.
One died in youth. The other still remains.

A M A S I S.

Thou hoary traitor tell me where? Or death—

O R U S.

My lips are seal'd. Not prompted by my fears,
I spoke, but from the fulness of a heart,
Exulting in its enmity to thee.

A M A S I S.

A M A S I S.

Prepare to feel the torture.

O R U S.

That I scorn.

The more I suffer in a virtuous cause
 The more my glory. When we vanquish fear,
 Tyrants may rage in vain! To me thy frowns
 And menaces are triumphs.

A M A S I S. *(to his guards.)*

Bear him hence,
 And prove his fortitude.

O R U S.

When death awaits,
 I wou'd not seem to linger. [*Exit Orus guarded.*]

A M A S I S.

Well he bears
 The weight of his misfortune. Seraphis
 And Menes too must die. He still appear'd
 Of doubtful origin. Perhaps the son
 Of Sethos. Doubts are vain. 'Tis folly now
 To trust to fortune. In these cells they lie.
(To his guards, two of whom enters the cells.)

[*A Storm. Thunder.*]*Enter S E T H O N A, distractedly.*

S E T H O N A.

Osiris thunders! yet the tyrant lives,
 Whilst Seraphis and Menes are no more!
 O that my spirit, like that transient beam,
 Would take its course upon the veering winds.

A M A S I S.

Why com'st thou thus, Sethona? Hence, retire!

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A. (*not observing him.*)

It is the melancholy bird of night,
 Perch'd on that mould'ring battlement, that screams
 Her boding notes of woe. Ye hideous forms,
 That dimly rise upon the night, and float
 In the wild tempest of the troubled air!
 Roll not your mournful voices on the storm.
 Away! Your awful gestures are in vain,
 All—all my fears are vanquish'd by my woes.

A M A S I S.

She must not tarry here!

S E T H O N A.

What groan was that?
 In that dark cell I heard the sound of chains.
 This is my way! that taper shall direct
 My steps. Ye awful spirits of my race,
 I come to join you in your dark repose! (*going.*)

A M A S I S.

Sethona, stop. Let me convey thee hence.
 Why dost thou gaze upon the vaulted roof,
 As if some god descended; or the heav'ns
 Were open'd to thy view?

S E T H O N A.

The cloud is broke!
 Behold him mounted on the cherub's wing!
 His white beard streams in air! The red drops fall
 Upon me! He was old! Hard was the heart,
 And ruthless was the hand!

A M A S I S.

She heeds me not!
 Excess of grief has almost quench'd the light
 Of reason in her mind.

S E T H O N A.

Was ever love

K

Like

Like mine? Pale as the watry cloud his face!
 Cold, cold his breast, and silent is his tongue!
 His ruby lips! Sethona, like the bee,
 Suck'd honey from the rose! I knew not then
 He was my brother!

A M A S I S.

How her frenzy burns.

It runs on Menes.

S E T H O N A.

When his bright eyes roll'd,
 I look'd not at the sun; and when he spoke
 My fingers dropt the lyre. This wound was death.
 It bleeds! it bleeds! This breast was void of guilt.
 Why do I weep? To-night I am the bride,
 The bride of Amasis. These wedding robes
 Will prove my winding sheet.

A M A S I S.

Remorse begins
 To fasten on my heart. I feel, I feel,
 That guilt, like the envenom'd scorpion, bears
 Its own death's sting. Her frenzy seems to add
 New lustre to her beauty; and those eyes
 Were not so piercing, when the milder beams
 Of wisdom temper'd their resistless pow'r:
 And yet the form alone remains. The light
 Is gone, and, like the dim orb of the moon,
 She labours in eclipse.

S E T H O N A.

Hark? Who art thou?

Give me thy hand.

A M A S I S.

What would'st thou with my hand?

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A.

Away, away! wash out these purple stains!

A M A S I S.

It is too late.

S E T H O N A.

Too late! who murder'd them?

A M A S I S.

Ha! how she probes my heart, where most inflam'd?

S E T H O N A.

Why do I tarry here? Let me behold
Their bleeding wounds!

[going.

A M A S I S. (*stopping her.*)

It must not, shall not be!

S E T H O N A.

Tyrant away! My sorrows cure themselves,
And vanquish'd nature finds repose in death.

The fountain of my tears is dry, my eyes

Burn with the raging fever of my brain.

'Tis he! 'tis Menes! Oh, I follow thee!

Roll'd in that shadowy mantle, thou shalt bear

Sethona from her woes.

(*rushes out.*

Enter OFFICER *hastily.*

OFFICER.

O king, prepare!

A M A S I S.

Speak, coward, speak! for we have ears to hear
The worst, and courage to defy it. Speak
The danger boldly!

OFFICER.

Treason is abroad.

Myrtæus has betray'd thee.

A M A S I S.

What of him?

O F F I C E R.

His Squadron's rushing onward, loudly call
For Seraphis and Menes.

A M A S I S.

Thus I grasp
A sword that never fail'd of victory. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter S E R A P H I S, *and Guard from the prison.*

G U A R D.

No further order comes. I wait in vain—
The hour is past. The king must be obey'd!

S E R A P H I S.

The king! behold thy king!—thy ancient lord,
Whom thou wouldst murder, soldier, well thou know'st!
The tyrant, Amifis, usurp'd my throne.
And yet thou serv'st him in a deed that draws
The dreadful vengeance of the gods upon thee.

G U A R D.

The gods have plac'd me in the rank of slaves,
And 'tis my duty to obey that lord
Whom fate has set above me. (*noise without.*)

S E R A P H I S.

Yet delay
A moment. Stop the hand of death. My hopes
Are not extinguish'd—Many are my friends
In Memphis.—Fortune suddenly may change
And thou shalt be rewarded.— (*noise continues.*)

G U A R D.

Certain death
Attends my disobedience. Haste, prepare
To die!—

S E R A P H I S.

S E R A P H I S.

I have a message to convey

To poor Sethona.

G U A R D,

'Tis too late——

S E R A P H I S.

Ye gods receive my spirit !

M E N E S, *rushing in between, in his chains, from another cell.*

M E N E S.

Slay me first——

M Y R T Æ U S *and his party rush in and interpose.*

M Y R T Æ U S.

Forbear, assassins !

S E R A P H I S.

Ha ! my gallant friend !

M Y R T Æ U S.

My royal master ! my beloved prince !——
Strike off their chains.

M E N E S.

Is Amafis alive ?

M Y R T Æ U S.

I saw him not in battle.

M E N E S.

Still there's room

For me to share the glory——

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Amafis

Puts all to flight.

M E N E S.

We soon shall stop his course.

Give me thy sword. The force of Memphis now

Shall

Shall not avail him. Whether does he turn
The tide of battle?

OFFICER.

From the brazen gate
He bursts upon us.

MENES.

We shall meet him there. [*Exit.*

SERAPHIS.

Let us support the prince. Tho' Amasis
Is great in arms, our fortune may prevail.
The worst event will change a shameful death,
To one of glory in the front of war. [*Exeunt.*

Enter SETHONA, *from the other side of the stage.*

SETHONA.

These are the cells of my departed race.
I find them not. In vain I search around,
What tomb conceals them? Whither are they borne?
O Menes! Menes! hear'st thou not my voice?
Sethona's voice, who comes, in her despair,
To mix the blood, that warms her heart, with thine.
Stretch forth thy pale hand, from that airy shroud,
And roll that cloud of sorrow from thy brow.
The blast of night is in my ears. The voice
Of dying winter does not thus complain.
Is there no rest for mortals in the tomb?
Think not I mean to tarry. He is gone——
He turns with horror from a sister's love!
A load of guilt lies heavy on my soul!

Enter AMASIS. *suddenly.*

AMASIS.

The gods descend in arms!—

Hurling

Hurling their terrors, midst my flying host,
 Blasting my glory!—Ha! behold the cause
 Of shame, of ruin!—Wherefore should she live,
 The joy, the triumph of my mortal foe?—
 Prepare for death—

S E T H O N A.

Art thou so much my friend?

A M A S I S.

Thy friend!—thy murderer—Ye gods! she smiles
 Secure in her enchantments. What is man
 When thus oppos'd? Disastrous star, that shed'st
 Thy fatal influence o'er my life, thou fall'st!—
 Thou fall'st! and darkness shall involve my soul.

S E T H O N A, *kneeling*.

Look down, Osiris, let my spirit find
 Repose in death. O Menes, to thy rest
 Receive Sethona, with a brother's love.—
 Strike here! Thou murderer of my race—behold.

A M A S I S.

A bosom arm'd with more than temper'd steel.
 Invulnerable beauty!—

S E T H O N A.

Ha, thy wrath
 Thy bloody purpose I embrac'd with joy.
 But now I fear thy pity. Grant me death,
 Nor look upon me, but with deadly rage.

A M A S I S.

Thy scorn demands it.—Fury steels my heart,
 And vengeance points the dagger;—now thou dy'st,
 A sacrifice to love,—revenge—despair!—

Enter M E N E S.

M E N E S.

Stop, murderer, stop—

A M A S I S, *quitting Sethona.*

Advance, thou trembling slave!

M E N E S.

Perfidious man! In me behold a foe
That never turn'd from danger.—Were the strength
Of thousands on thy sword, my joy wou'd rise
To meet thee thus in arms.

S E T H O N A, *retiring behind.*

Thou pow'r supreme!

Protect our cause and thine.

A M A S I S.

Vain boy, approach!

Words will no more avail.—

(they fight, Amasis falls.

M E N E S.

Thus perish traitors!

A M A S I S.

Thou hast prevail'd. Receive thy valour's prize.
The man that conquers Amasis, deserves
His throne, nay more, Sethona's love.—My guilt—
My guilt o'erwhelms me. By no vulgar hand,
I die.—The gods by thee avenge my crimes— [*dies.*

M E N E S.

The gods are just! Thou source of all my joys!

(advancing to Sethona.

SETHONA.

S E T H O N A.

Hence, shut me, fly me, tear me from thy heart.
 Revoke thy vows, lest the offended gods
 Shou'd pour their fury on our guilty heads.
 The bar of nature, and the wrath of heav'n,
 Are plac'd between us.

M E N E S.

Ha! thy frenzy still!

S E T H O N A.

Yes; Menes, yēs; my frenzy well may burn:
 Yet now, by reason, I'm too well inform'd
 Thou art too near allied to me in blood!
 Did not thy father tell thee? Seraphis!

M E N E S.

Ha! what of Seraphis! My doubts arise.
 Burst not my anxious heart. Reveal! reveal!

S E T H O N A.

Thou art—alas! how can I speak the name?
 Thou art—my brother!

M E N E S.

Brother! All ye gods
 Look down! What heavier curse remains in heav'n
 To crush my wretched head? What powerful charm
 Works on these new creations of the night,
 And sets our jarring senses every hour
 At variance? I am lost!

Enter SERAPHIS, MYRTÆUS, OTANES,
 and ORUS.

S E R A P H I S.

This way the prince
 Press'd forward on the foe. Advance with speed.
 He leads to victory!

L

M E N E S.

M E N E S. (*shewing his breast.*)

Here sheath your swords.

S E R A P H I S.

The tyrant! stretch'd beneath the hand of death.
Now all is safe. Thy fortune has prevail'd.

M E N E S.

Yes, to my ruin!

S E R A P H I S.

Ha! no wound appears!

M E N E S.

Within this bosom is a mortal wound.
I am thy son. Sethona is my sister.

O R U S.

Banish thy grief. No sister e'er was thine.
Thy birth, tho' long conceal'd, at length is known.
Thou art the son of Sethos.

M E N E S.

Sethos' son?

S E R A P H I S.

I know it all. My brother's only child!
Sethona now is thine.

M E N E S.

Receive, ye gods!

The praise your goodness claims. Now joy returns,
And gladdens all my soul. Again, my love,
I may infold thee in these longing arms.

S E T H O N A.

O, Menes! heav'n, in this alone, repays
All, all our sorrows.

S E R A P H I S.

Join your hands. The gods
Their choicest blessings show'r upon you both,

As the sun cherishes the subject world ;
 Or as the devious Nile dispenses joy
 And plenty where it flows ; so may your virtues
 Diffuse bright happiness, o'er all the land.

M E N E S.

My king ! my father ! such I call thee now.
 My lov'd Sethona !

S E T H O N A.

Now no tyrant lives
 To bar our love. Osiris now assents.

S E R A P H I S.

Arise, my children. Still I have a son !
 Sethona too is safe. My joy is full.
 Since, now, my day of life declines apace,
 My daughter and my sceptre shall be thine.
 Thy care, Otanes, shall direct his steps,
 And make his kingdom flourish. Thou, Myrtæus,
 Vers'd in the business of the field, shall guide
 His youthful valour. None of all our friends
 Shall be ungratified. Nor shalt our foes
 Repine at our success. To conquer seems
 Less worthy of our glory, than to spare.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

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